



COSTA GUANA

Volume XII, Number 8



August 17, 1984

Hello there. It is your pleasure to be reading COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and stoic silliness foisted upon a suspecting public by Conrad Friesner "Uncle Connie" von Metzke, P.O. Box 27273, San Diego, CA 92128. Home 'phone: (619) 276-2937. Office 'phone: (619) 487-6384. No game openings, ergo no game fees. Subscriptions ten for two clams. Trades: My pleasure; you offer me all of yours, I'll reciprocate.

READER ASSISTANCE REQUEST: As you must know by now, I'm really not actively soliciting trades and subs, but I do think it would be nice to be known by at least the basic hobby people. But in perfect honesty, I do not have the slightest idea who most of them are.

I would therefore respectfully request that all those reading this drop me a note listing the names and addresses responsible for any Diplomacy journals you consider worth the effort of a trade. I'll do the rest. And eventually I may see enough to explain to me all the current ins and outs of this hobby, which I suspect are just rehashings of the stuff going on back in my day.

In particular, could somebody please tell me the address of Doug Beyerlein?

PERSONAL PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT: Not much to report. This issue is being typed at the end of a two-week vacation. On the second day of said holiday, Ross (he's the five-year-old) came down with chicken pox. So much for all those plans....

But! I have a note for all prospective parents, and present parents whose children have not yet had the pox: When the big disease day comes for you, do not panic, it isn't critical. However, call your doctor right away and ask if your child can be given a prescription for a magnificent drug called Periactin. It is a total success in relieving all traces of itching, which is always the worst thing about the pox. There are lots of drugs around, and most are very useful; but not many deserve the term "miracle drug." Periactin does.

File this in your scrapbook, or paste it to the appropriate page of Dr. Spock's book.

QUALITY CONTROL DEPARTMENT: One good stiff drink of Scotch and water does wonders for my notoriously poor typing ability. I've learned, in the last six issues, that after about the fourth or fifth sip, I very rarely have any need at all for white-outq.

HOME ADDRESS: I have been asked to print my home address, for purposes of sending Federal Express, telegrams, etc. It is: 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego, CA 92117. However, it is far better to use my business address (don't worry, just because it's a post office, private companies can still deliver): 16960 Bernardo Center Dr., San Diego CA 92128.

ISSUE SIZE this time will be rather small, mainly because: (1) I'm not very inspired; (2) I don't really wish to spend what little of my vacation is left typing this garbage; (3) Not being at work, I don't have access to the office photocopy machine and must thus pay to have this printed.

LAST ISSUE'S SILLY, which will also be our last silly, must have been a thrill to you all. Not one guess was mailed in (as of Aug. 13).

If you care, the answers:

NOW WAIT A DAMN MINUTE! NO GUESSES??? This is idiotic; I don't sit here at this typewriter for you sods to ignore my efforts completely!

You need a prize for incentive, do you? Okay, best score gets a buck in usable U.S. postage. No catch; just prove to me that I'm not wasting my time with this journal.

There were seventeen questions last issue. Anybody who can't get at least a dozen is a furd.

IFIHAVEN'TTHETIMETOPRINTARTICLES,ICERTAINLYDON'THAVETIMETOPRINTLINEARSEPARATORS

GAME TWO - Spring 1901

See, I told you! I've had moves for all players for over a week, and yet - did I print them early? Huh? DID I?

Let's get the press ~~over with~~ printed first:

GERMANY TO GAMESMASTER: I would have happily played England and Turkey for several years yet. But you have forced me into playing Germany! It's not that I don't want to grow up: I simply prefer keeping my back to the wall in an alley fight.

JAMUL: Simple solution. Pretend it's today, and to your back is one solid curtain of iron....

GERMANY TO ALL: Germany hereby declares war on Switzerland and invites you to join the cause for freedom! The attack will begin as soon as the climbing gear we ordered arrives from Berne.

GERMANY TO SWITZERLAND: What'd'ya mean, it's cancelled?!?!?

GERMANY TO SWITZERLAND: All right, all right, I'll enter into peace negotiations. Please process the enclosed 40,000 ambassadorial credentials for my 40,000 ambassadors recently mobilized in Munich. They will be ready to cross your border in alphabetical order beginning at 0500 hours 29 May 1901. I trust that you'll provide suitable refreshments and ample port-a-potties. (Please do not serve the refreshments anywhere near the potties.) For ease of identification, I have provided each ambassador with uniform clothing.

GERMANY TO SWITZERLAND: What'd'ya mean 'NO'?!?!?! How 'bout if each and every one of the 40,000 promises to buy either a watch or a cuckoo clock? No? Well, just you wait 'till my allies....my allies....uh, hmm, maybe I can use those ambassadors somewhere else.

GERMANY TO ALL: Never mind.

WARSAWA: "...and I'll leave room in the press for the excessively garrulous Konrad Baumeister."

JAMULDORF: The problem is that Baumeister is not authorized to write press for this (or, with luck, any other) magazine. Them's the breaks when your parents can't even spell your name right.....

RIGATONI NEWS SERVICE (Vaduz): After deep meditation in his winter retreat in the Alps, the famous Italian philosopher and master chef, Smudgio Baribaldi, announced his conversion to pacifism and disarmament. Mr. Baribaldi revealed, based on his newly-embraced philosophy of life, his intention of establishing a revolutionary approach to Italian cuisine, to be published in his forthcoming book, Lichtenstein Zeitgeist. Smudgio mentioned with particular pride his recipes for Spaghetтини del Roma no Bumbum, Zucchini Ripieni del Piecenic, and Frieze Italiano.

Mr. Baribaldi finished off the interview with a plea for all countries of the world to "make bread, not war," and to accept his emissaries in the spirit in which they are intended. He particularly requested tolerance on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor for any temporary misdeeds by his personal representatives. "Re-education is moving ahead apace," Smudgio assured, "but news does travel slowly through the mountain passes."

JAMUL IN KÄRNTEN: Conversation overheard in the garden during intermission of this evening's concert by the visiting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra of Klagenfurt:

"Had you heard that Giulio Child is taking over Italy?"

"Thank God! I was getting royally sick of the garbage our local deli was importing from the last regime. Nothing could be worse than the Canneloni alla Hog Jowls they sold me last week."

"Wanna bet? I was there this morning, and they tried to sell me their new house special. They claim it caters especially for this year's Music Festival."

"Oh, I'll bet that was yummy....."

"Well, actually, the food was the best they've sent in years. But have you ever tried eating lunch while all the waiters march around the room singing "Oh, Oh, Spaghetti-o's"?"

IBERIA (October 1807): He knew it was a gamble. All that he had built with the skill of his armies could come crashing down with their defeat. And defeat was a strange possibility. Could they quickly subdue the entire peninsula? If the English stayed out, perhaps they could. Would an army be annihilated in the indefensible Portuguese countryside? If it were left by itself (due to some unseen activity along the Rhine and Rhone), then it might. And what of his commanders? Could Massena, Ney, Soult and the bumbling Junot carry off a quick conquest? The great one himself was on the march in Gascony, but he was relying on his brilliance to cover four fronts. His reputation would have to cover three of them, his armies the fourth.

Toulon, Marengo, Lodi were all in the past. The near-run things of Eylau and Friedland were fresher memories. Le Tondu himself had said, "The time we have for war is short." How long left on the fuse?

It was a gamble.....

SPRING 1901

AUSTRIA (Pierce): a bud-ser. a vie-bud. f tri-alb.
 ENGLAND (Johnston): a lvp-edi. f edi-nwg. f lon-nth.
 FRANCE (Fleming): a par-gas. a mar-spa. f bre-mid.
 GERMANY (Walker): a ber-kie. a mun-ruh. f kie-den.
 ITALY (Peel): a ven-tyo. a rom-apu. f nap-ion.
 RUSSIA (Cartier): a war-gal. a mos-stp. f sev-rum. f stp-bot.
 TURKEY (Stevens): a con-bul. a smy-arm. f ank-bla.

which leads us to the following:

Retreats: Well, there's this funny quirk about Spring 1901.....

For those players perhaps unfamiliar with my notation, let it be said that underlined moves fail, others succeed.

FALL 1901 MOVES ARE DUE FRIDAY, 7 SEPTEMBER 1984.

Now...if a player misses the fall move, under my special house rule that says all units will move anyway (courtesy of me), this is what will happen:

```
A:  f alb-tri.   a bud-vie.   a ser (h).
E:  f nwg-nwy.   a edi (h).   f nth (h).
F:  a gas (h).   a spa (h).   f mid-por.
G:  a ruh-mun.   a kie-hol.   f den (h).
I:  f ion-tun.   a apu (h).   a tyo (h).
R:  a gal (s) rum. f rum (h).   f bot-swe. a stp (h).
T:  all units hold.
```

And of course, any such evildoer will be instantly replaced in the game..

Oh by the way.. Technically speaking we have no standbys in this foray. However, there are two people who at one time got sucked into standing by in the other game, and perhaps we could impose on them here? I refer, of course, to Lu Henry and Konrad Baumeister.. Either of you object?

[illegible]

GAME ONE (1983AC) -

Okay, whadda we got here? The retreats are: Ita f nap-tyñ, Aus a war-sil. And the adjustments: Aus + a vie, Tur + f smy, Ita - a tun, - a boh.

I doubt I'll try squashing this much into one move again; that postcard idea really didn't work too well. But it was an interesting idea....

Moves on next page.

AUSTRIA (Robson): a sil (s) vie-gal. a rom (s) nap. a rum (s) bud-ser.
a bud-ser. a ven-tyo. a tyo-boh. a vie-gal. f nap (s) rom.
ENGLAND (Pustilnik): a stp (s) RUS mos. f lon-nth. f nwy-swe. f iri (h).
f nat-nwg. f nth-den.
FRANCE (Johnston): a mar-pie. a bur-pic. a hol (s) ruh-kie. a ruh-kie.
f mid (s) bel-eng. f bel-eng. f wes (s) mid.
GERMANY (Fleming): a mun-boh. a ber-sil. a kie-mun. f hel-kie.
ITALY (Stevens): f tyn-tun.
RUSSIA (Cartier): a mos-sev. a war-gal.
TURKEY (Walters): a gre (s) bul. a bul (h). a sev-mos. f šmy-aeg. f bla
(s) bul. f ion-nap.

The German army Kiel is annihilated. There are no retreats.

Fall 1905 Moves are due Friday, 7 SEPTEMBER 1984.

See, the reason for all the extra space left between here and the linear separator below is that I thought I'd be smart and get the issue all typed in advance except, of course, for the moves. So I allowed plenty of space for every eventuality - complex retreat instructions, announcement of a standby, even a squib or two of press. And nothing happened!
So. Draw a picture or something.

135791113151719212325272931333537394143454749515355575961636567697173757779

IF GOD WERE PROCESS ORIENTED

In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. The earth was void and without form, so God created a small committee. God carefully balanced the committee vis-a-vis race, sex, ethnic origin and economic status in order to interface pluralism with the holistic concept of self-determination according to adjudicatory guidelines. Even God was impressed; so ended the first day.

And God said, LET THE COMMITTEE DRAW UP A MISSION STATEMENT. And behold, the committee decided to prioritize and strategize. And God called that process empowerment. And God thought it sounded pretty good. And evening and morning were the second day.

And God said, LET THE COMMITTEE DETERMINE GOALS AND OBJECTIVES, AND ENGAGE IN LONG-RANGE PLANNING. Unfortunately, a debate as to the semantic differences between goals and objectives preempted almost all of the third day. Although

the question was never satisfactorily resolved, God thought the process was constructive. And evening and morning were the third day.

And God said, LET THERE BE A RETREAT IN WHICH THE COMMITTEE CAN ENVISION FUNCTIONAL ORGANIZATION AND ENGAGE IN PLANNING BY OBJECTIVES. The committee considered adjustment to priorities and consequential alternatives to program directions. God saw that it was good. He even thought it was worth all the coffee and donuts He had to supply. And so ended the fourth day.

And God said, LET THE COMMITTEE BE IMPLEMENTED CONSISTENT WITH LONG-RANGE PLANNING AND STRATEGY. The committee considered guidelines and linkages and structural sensitivities and alternatives and implemental models. And God saw that this was very democratic. And so would have ended the fifth day, except for the unintentional renewal of the debate about the differences between goals and objectives.

On the sixth day the committee agreed on criteria for adjudicatory assessment and evaluation. This was not on the agenda God had planned, but He had taken the afternoon off to create day and night, sun and moon, seasons, and seas and plants and trees and birds and fish and animals and human beings.

On the seventh day, God rested, and the committee submitted its recommendations. It turned out that the recommended forms for things were pretty much the way God had already created them, and so the committee passed a resolution commending God for implementing the work according to the guidelines. Some, however, quietly expressed their opinion among themselves that Man should have been created in the committee's image.

-- Anthony Garibaldi, Jr.

((Reprinted from my church bulletin last week))

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 104

A couple of closing notes. Referring back to Page One and the highly-commended drug Periactin, it is only fair to mention a couple of side-effects. One, it tends to absolutely wire the user. Two, during the period of use (which is only a few days, after all) it slightly inhibits the growth process of the body. Thus it is not ideal for already tense or hyperactive people, and it ought not to be used terribly often (e.g. for regular bouts of poison ivy). Obviously you discuss this all with your doctor, yes?

And finally, this issue is dedicated two two royal persons of interest:

First, to His Highness Sir Muda Hassanal Bolkiah, Sultan of the world's newest nation, Brunei - independent at last after 96 years of British protection. And not only is Brunei the world's newest nation, it is also the wealthiest; the average per capita annual income is over ten thousand dollars. From pirates and headhunters to oil barons?

Second, to Her Majesty Zita, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, who was forced from her throne when the Habsburg Monarchy collapsed in 1918 and has lived in a form of exile ever since - and still does today, at 94 the last survivor of the royal houses toppled in the 1914-18 war.

And with that space-filling, I bid thee adieu until next round.